THE HISTORY OF SIR EGER, SIR GRAHAME, AND SIR GRAY-STEEL.

Newly corrected and amended.

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THE HISTORY OF SIR EGE
Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray-steel.

Into the Kinrick of Bealm,
There winn'd a Lord of that Realm:
He was the greatest of renown,
Except the King that wore the Crown,
His name was Earl Diges,
And his Lady Dame Biges:
And his Daugh'er Winliane,
Husband would she never have nane,
Neither for gold nor yet for good,
Nor yet for highness of his blood,
But only he that through swords dint,
That ever wan and never tint.
Als there was men in that Kinrick,
Many one, but very few sik,
They sought far off her for to fang,
And she was matden wonder lang.
Her Father had a noble rout
Of bold Knights strong and stout:
But in that Court there was a Knight,
An hardy man both good and wight,
They called him Sir Eger,
And he was but a Batcheler:
His eldest brother was livand,
And brooked all his fathers land,
Yet was he courteously taught,
And he sought battels far, and fought,
And conquered the honour,
With weapons and with armour:
Both in battels and in fight:
While on a time that she him height,
And she granted him her good-will,
Her Father assented soon theretill,
Her friends were fain that she would
Once in her heart it for to hold.

Th

hat she would have to her a pier,
Barron or a Batchelier.
here was into that Earles train
young Knight that heght Sir Grahame.
ir Eger and he,
hey were of one companie,
hey were not brethren born,
ut they were brethren sworn,
hey were not of one blood,
ut they were fellowes very good,
hey had a Chamber them alone,
etter loved never none.
hile that upon a time sir Eger,
or to win honour mare,
nd he went forth him alone,
nd all vanquished came he home,
n his Chamber upon a night,
lounded sore and evil dight,
is knife was tint, his sheath was tane,
is scabert by his thigh was gane.
e had mo wounds with sword and knife,
hen ever man that had his life,
truncheon of his spear he bare,
o lean him on, he had no mare,
n his bed-side he sate him down,
e groned sore and fell in sown.
ir Grahame agast, and wightly raise,
nd goes to him, and said, Alace,
or thy sorrow am full wo,
hat I was then so far thee fro,
hen that thou stood in such distress,
nd I at home in merriness.
hen we departed at yond gate,
hou was full blith, and light of late:
ry deliver of thy weed,
o prove thy man-hood on a steed,
nd thou art now both gool and green,
nto thy walk where thou hast been.
hat ever he was that gave thee tailyie,
t was not little that made thee tailyie,

I am wounded and hurt full sore,
And tint my man-hood for evermore.
Lost the Lady, for she is gone,
Other Knights have stayd at home,
Keeped their man-hood fair and clean,
Will brook her now before mine een.
Then said Sir Grahame to Sir Eger,
Ye grieve you more then mister were,
Is none seemly in his weed,
To prove his man-hood on a steed,
In battel though he be destroyed,
Why should his man-hood be reproved:
Or yet his Ladyes love to tine.
Sir Eger said, let be Sir Grahame.
I rode aventures for to see,
Bodden as a man should be:
Likelier Armour then I had,
Was no Christian man in clad:
Weapons and steed thereto,
A bodie like right well to doe.
I saw no man, so God me reed,
But one Knight upon a steed:
Hand for hand together we ran,
But company of any man.
He forcelie pricked me again,
Defouled my self, my steed hath slain.
I met a man into my fare,
Forbade me that I should come there,
But if I sicker were and traist,
Of courage keen, and mights maist,
Neither of heart nor yet of hand,
Nothing feeble nor yet dreadand:
And armed well in sicker weed,
Weapons, for they will stand in stead,
Of mine horse he held him payd,
He bade me if I were affrayd.
Counsel'd me I came not than,
Within repairing of that man,
I should be readie, and not to light,
To byde the coming of that Knight,

For then there should no leasure be,
But either to fight or else to flie.
I took my leave and forth I fure,
Beside a mount upon a moor:
Then I perceived by my sight,
That he had teached me full right,
And understood which was the Land.
A Forrest lay on every hand,
A River that was deep and wide,
I found no entress at a side:
Unto a Foord, and over I rode,
Unto the other side but bode,
And I had but a short while ridden
Into the land that was forbidden:
When I heard moving in the street,
As it had been of horses feet:
My steed before me had good sight,
Cast up his head, and worthed light.
He crap together, & would have run,
I hearkned where that din should come:
I looked a little me before,
I saw a knight ride on a sore:
With red shield, and red spear,
And all of red shined his gear,
He rode upon a sturdie steed,
He let him come with all his speed:
Our horse together rushed keen,
Alace, that meeting I may mean.
For through birnie and through blasoun,
Through actoun and through habergeoun,
Out through my gear both less and mare,
And through my body he me bare:
Yet still upon my sadle I sate,
And on his breast my spear I brake,
His spear again to him he drew,
He mist my self, my steed he slew:
Then lighted I deliverlie,
But not so soon ready was he,
Ere ever I might my good sword weild,
Again he strake me in the shield.

Through force of him and of his steed,
He bare me down, and over me yeed.
And then on foot I started soon,
And thought as I had lately done,
For to revenge my steeds bane,
The great defoul my self had tane,
And even as he by me out drew,
I mist himself, his steed I slew.
To counter on foot he was full tha,
His good spear I stroke in twa:
He drew a sword, a worthie weapon,
The first dint on me could happen:
For through ventil and pensal he share,
Into my shoulder five inch and mare.
Then I him hit upon the crown,
A cantil of his helm dang down:
And for that strake I would not let,
Another upon him soon I set:
Upon his breast with a fell braid,
At the ground I thought he had been laid:
Also I thought well he had gotten,
But at that strake my sword was broken,
I drew a knife, I had none other,
The which I got it frō my brother:
Another of steel soon hath he tane,
In hands we are together gane.
Upon his belt with all my pith,
I strake him while he groaned with.
While I got blood through all his gear,
And he me stroke in the visier:
And wounded me into the face,
Mine een was saw'd, such was my grace,
I stroke him upward in the head,
And in the helmet my blade I leav'd,
And with mine heft behind the hand,
I strake him while that I might stand.
While there came blood through the steel,
He wants some teeth I wot right well.
But what through blood and proper streis,
My mights wared less and less.

He had a knife of fine steel,
He strake fast, it lasted right well.
Mine habergeon of Millain wark,
Lasted me no more then my sark:
Nor mine actoun of Millain fine,
First was my fathers & then mine,
Mine harnes helped not me a resh,
It stinted never but in my flesh.
When I was blinded with the blood,
And all was gone should do me good.
When blood me blinded, then in sown,
Betwixt his hands I fell down,
And there a while in sown I lay,
When I overcame he was away.
My little finger I mist me fra,
And when I looked there I sa,
A slain knight belide me lay,
His little finger was away.
And thereby might right well see,
A knight met both with him & me,
Beside me ran a river strand,
And there I crap on feet and hand,
And from mine eyes I washt the blood,
And drank while that I thought it good,
When I had cooled me, up I raise,
And looked about in every place:
My steed lay sticked a little me fro,
And his lay stricken the back in two.
My weapons still there they lay,
My knife, my sword, none was away:
But all was broken, and none was hail,
And with mine hands I could them wail,
A truncheon of mine own spear,
We thought it heavie for to bear:
Of a sadled horse I got a sight:
He was right lean but he was wight
He had gone bridled dayes nine,
For fault of food was like to tine,
Heavily in the sadle I strade,
And all the day on him I rade.

When

When day was gone, and come was night,
Of a castle I got a sight:
A little from a noble town,
At an harber I lighted down,
The fairest bour I saw me by,
That ever I saw since born was I,
I lean'd me on my sadle to rest,
Bethinking me what was the best.
For I had need some me to mend,
And I was loath for to be kend:
I had been but a short while there,
When that a woman sweet and fair,
Came walking from the harber green,
And at the bour she would have been:
She stinted when she could me see,
A Lady seemed she to be.
And in scarlet she was clad,
And all the weed that she on had,
In red gold could it birn,
And rich pearles set therein.
It seem'd to me by her parrage,
She was a Lady of great linage:
And though that I had bled my blood,
Yet still upon my feet I stood.
And she discribed me full right,
And hailsed me then as a knight.
Right as a knight she hailsed me,
And I her in the same degree:
Sir, she said, by mine intent,
Ye have need of better easement.
And here beside there is an hall,
A little space under the wall,
Wherein is many cruel knight,
And leeches that are true of plight:
That ever man came in misser till:
Thereto the kindest Lord at will:
Since I am the first that with you met,
I would you were the better bet.
Then said I to the Lady fair,
I would not be in such repair.

But

But I require you it ye might,
Of privie guesting for one night:
And a maiden me for to keep,
While I were eased with a sleep,
And some ease for mine hackney.
She said, I shal find if I may,
Then into her bour she me led,
It was great joy to see her bed.
She set me down, and I was fain,
And lustily turned she again:
To her maidens, she had but two,
And both she caused from her to go,
The one mine hackney to his stead,
And at his liking could him feed.
The other went with counsel soon,
As she her bade, so hath she done:
Baked fowles she brought again:
Spice and wine, bread of main.
A lawer they have gotten soon,
Warm water into it was done,
And in a silver basen
Her own hands washed mine een:
And when she saw mine hands bare,
Then wax mine anger far the mare,
My glove was hatle, my finger was tint,
She might well know it was no dint:
For Gray-steel he was of such pride,
And his word waxed ay so wide,
Of what countrey that he was commin,
She might wit well I was overcommin.
She perceived that I thought shame,
She asked not what was my name,
Or of what countrey I was come,
Into what place, or in what room:
Or of what countrey that I were,
But eased me in all manner.
Such drink then as she gave me there,
Saw I never in my fare,
That so much could me so restore,
For I was vanquisht all before.

Wore weak and weary might no man be,
And dry'd for blood as any tree.
Her drinks they brought me soon in state,
That I might speak and answer make.
She and her maids those Ladyes three,
Of all my gear they spoyled me:
Both of mine harbrek and mine actoun,
Washed me syne and laid me down,
Her own hands white as the milk,
She stopped my wounds full of silk,
And syne laid me into a bed,
That was with silken sheets spred.
Then to the Lady could I say,
No longer then against the day,
It is not my will for to lend,
For I would that no man me kend,
But I may evermore conteen,
Into such state as I have been,
It were good time to me to boun,
Of the gentrice that ye have done.
Sir, then she said, against your will,
I cannot treat you to bide still.
But if it likes you to tarry,
Shal no man know your privity,
Nor yet my self I shal not frame,
And though I wist, I could it lain.
Ly still and sleep with Gods blessing,
I shal you waken then in due time.
Her self nor yet her maidens two,
That night into no bed would go.
A plastroun on her knee she laid,
And there on love justly she plaid.
There to her maidens sweetly sang,
This Lady sighed oft amang.
What countenance ever she made,
Some heavy thing in heart she had.
Spice they had and noble wine,
And ever took when they had time,
And sundry times at me they sought,
If that I would or yarned ought.

And thus they put the night near by,
Then soon after great din heard I:
Of bony birds in a herbeir,
That of love sang with voice so clear,
With diverse notes against the day,
She came to me without delay,
And brought me drink into an horn,
And since the day that I was born,
Such a good drink I never got,
When I had drunk she could me hap,
Within a day she came again,
Of all my gear she made me plain.
The drink that she gave me was green,
Into my wounds it might be seen.
The blood was fled when it was there,
And all was sound before was fair.
The bloody tents away she drew,
And tented me again with new:
The tents that in my wounds yeed,
Trust ye well they were no thread.
They were neither lake nor line,
Of silk they were both good and fine,
The mistenting of my wounds,
Cost that Lady twenty pounds.
Withoutten spice, salves or gries,
And other things that did me ease:
My linnen cloths were washed clean,
The blood in them might not be seen.
A sark of silk that was full dear,
She put on me which I have here:
And syne put on mine own abone,
And all my clothing she hath undone,
And all my armour less and mare,
She would not let me leave ought there.
Of mine habreke I had great dreed,
It should me hurt and cause me bleed:
The sorest wound that grieved me,
I wist not where that it might be,
But it was as sicker and sound,
As never weapon had wrought me wound.
Then to the Lady fair said I, Either

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It should me hurt and cause me bleed:
The sorest wound that grieved me,
I wist not where that it might be,
But it was as sicker and sound,
As never weapon had wrought me wound.
Then to the Lady fair said I, Either

Either am I in fantasy:
Or else ye are the fairest May,
That ever I saw before this day,
All that ever hath wrought me wo.
She said, would God that it were so.
But I know by your buskening
That ye have some thing in studying,
For your love, Sir, I think it be:
But trust ye well and certainlie,
Alloon as love makes you agast,
Your oyntments will you nothing last,
Your wounds they will both glow and gell,
Sow full sore, and be full ill.
But ye have mends that ye may mean,
Unto your love where ye have been:
And bid her do as I have done,
And they will soft and sober soon.
My ring, my beeds forth I dreugh,
Of most fine gold, and good enough.
She would not take them off me long,
But on her bed down I them flang:
Her maidens brought me forth a scail,
Of fine main bread and fowls hail,
With bottels full of finest wine,
And thereupon I lived syne:
Oft I sleeped in my fare,
But short sleeps I think they were,
Evil reposed, weak and faint,
But sickness made me never grant:
Nor soreness found I never a pyle,
While I came here within a myle,
Then all my wounds did open once,
As knife had gone through flesh and bones.
I fell down dead as any stone,
When I overcame, mine horse was gone,
A bed then I would had rather,
Then my weight of gold and silver.
Now have I told you less and mare,
Of all that hapned in my fare:
How I did suffer all the pain,

And

and how the Lady sent me hame,
Sir Grahame a sober man and meek,
What ever he thinks, little will speak.
Then said he to Sir Eger,
It forethinks me that ye were there:
I bade you alway hold you well,
And namelie from that man Gray steel,
For he is called uncunnand,
And spoken of in many land.
Many have proved him for to sla,
And all failed and did not sa:
And now its best to make good chear,
And I am glad to have you here.
From the Lady we will not fane,
That ye are now come home again,
That ye were in a far countrie,
And vexed with a fell menyie:
Sir Eger wist not, nor yet Sir Grahame,
Where the Lady was all the time.
The bour wherein the Lady was,
Was from the hall a little space:
Upon her love she had great thought,
She lay waking and sleeped nought,
And at the window had great sight:
When she perceived there was a light,
And longed sore to speak with him,
She trowd right well that he was come.
A scarlet mantle hath she tane,
And to the chamber is she gane,
She heard them with a privie din,
She stood right still, and stood within,
Under the wall she stood so still
Heard the manner that it was ill,
She had no more things for to frame,
But to her chamber past again,
So privily she is not gone,
But they perceived that there was one,
They were rede and discovered,
Sir Grahame about his bed reiked
And both the windows opened plain,

And ſaw the Lady paſs again,
With the light he looked farre to,
Perceived well that it was ſhe:
Sir Eger ſayes, who makes that din?
He ſaid, my ſpaneyard would be in.
Sir Grahame ceaſed not, nor would blin,
Whyle that he got a man therein,
That right well with all woũds could deal,
And was right happy for to heal:
And yet ere day the word was gone,
That ſir Eger was coming home,
And had mo wounds with ſword and knife,
Then ever man that had his life,
Riches may make him no remead,
There is no life for him, but dead.
The Earl unto his chamber went,
The Countes and her maidens gent,
And they beheld him ſo deadly,
He ſpeaks not, what ever they ſay,
Nor no language to them he had,
But ſir Grahame all the anſwer made:
He ſaid, yeſtreen when he came home,
His tongue was not all from him gone,
He hath me told right all the caſe,
And how that matter hapned was:
A ſwadrick in a wilderneſs,
Where that never is near a place,
He wiſt nothing into his fare,
That their linage it was all there,
And they wiſt all of his coming,
Thought to ſlay him, and take his thing.
They roſe, and have againſt him gone,
They were ten, and he was but one.
Not one but his own ſteed and he,
And yet he thought not for to flee,
With ſtout heart and hardie allwa,
The field he took againſt all tha:
This may ye wit that he was bold,
He ſlew ſeven ere he flee would.
On horſe as he out through them yeed,

He

he slew then two, and they his steed.
Ere his good spear was broken in two,
Of them he slew well six and mo:
And six into the field he slew:
The rest they fled and they withdrew:
And with that he was wounded so,
That scarcelie he might ride or go.
An horse of theirs then by him stood,
Like to his own, but not so good,
Syne on that he is coming home,
And it right seven dayes is gone.
And though the deed be sought on him,
It is well sped to all his kin.
And for that worship he went there,
It will be told for evermare.
The Countess mourns for sir Eger,
Her maidens mourned and made great care:
Sir Pallias his own brother,
Made more sorrow then any other.
Sir Grahame was nothing of his kin,
But he was als right wo for him,
As any sister, or as brother,
Eme, or yet ant, or any other.
But it was more then dayes three,
Ere his own love came him to see,
And when she came, she was but drie,
To him she made small courtesie:
When she came to the chamber within,
Little company made to him,
Sir Eger might not one word speak,
Sir Grahame before the bed could sit,
And to sir Grahame said she than,
Sir, how doth your sore wounded man,
Or how hath he sped in his fare.
Said, not so well as mister were:
So is it hapned as you may see.
Not one forethinkes so much as ye.
The Lady said, so have I feel,
I might have thold he had done well,
And better sped in his journey.
Sir Eger asked where he lay. Then

Then meekly said the Lady free
To sir Eger, How how do ye?
I rede you be of counsel clean,
Ye will not cose, Sir, as I ween.
I think your love be in no weer,
Therefore I rede you make good chear.
Sir Eger said, My chear well is,
But even as I may with this,
As before when better hath been,
I will not mend suppose I mean.
Then said the Lady, Certes nay,
It mends not though ye do sway,
Fortune will not then from you wend,
Nor yet from me though I should lend:
But for follie to set at wit,
And so I must then do with it.
She no more tidings did refrain,
But bounded to her chamber again.
Then Sir Grahame stood before the door,
And held the Lady on the floor,
A little while right by the hand:
Then by his fellow could he stand,
And said to him right courteously,
Sir, This the Lady telleth me,
What makes her biding to delay,
And why she goes so soon away.
She was forbidden by the leech,
And also by her fathers speech,
And the first night that ye came home,
So great a sorrow hath she tane,
That she hath been as sick as ye.
And thus his fellow comfort he
Eleven weeks, as I heard say,
Sir Eger there in leeching lay,
And seldom came the fair Lady,
But when she came, she was right dry.
Her direnels and als here strange fare.
Sir Grahame then said to sir Eger,
That she durst not otherwise do,
Nor yet in presence come him to:
And on this wise, as with sir Grahame,

So with the Lady on a time:
On his foot with her would he gang,
Then to his fellow would amang.
And then told him a fern-years tale,
And this while thus he wrought all hale,
And to her Ladies warrand well,
For he was red he should him spill,
And her will had been to him kend,
It should have letten him to mend:
But all was fained each a deal,
Yet many said, he governd well.
Then after that upon a day,
he thought the Lady to assay:
Then after mass to her he yeed,
Into a chamber where she stood:
And from her maidens hath her tane,
And to a counsel are they gane:
And first they spake of in-bourding,
And then they spake of earnest thing:
He said, Lady, if ye would cover,
And of a thing that ye would sover,
Belonging both to you and me.
She said, say on, what ever it be.
Yonder is your Knight sir Eger,
And he hath been in travel fair,
And hath met with a ferlie thing,
For fault of weapons and arming,
Armour they may be fresh and new,
And yet be false and right untrew:
And that hath made him to beguile:
Give him the wars within a while,
And great skaith therethrow hath he tane,
But certes therein he hath no shame.
He is a man that is well kend,
Hath doughtie hands him to defend.
I cannot treat him for to bide,
Fra time that he may gang or ride:
But he will pass his voyage right,
To seek for battel on the Knight.
This hath he made me to you tell.
But ye may treat him here to dwel,

And comfort him in all manner,
But with your presence and with chear.
Now sen it stands in such degree,
It longeth more to you then me.
Have ye not chosen him to your peer,
Your father it likes well but meer.
The Lady mused and stood still,
Then after made answer him till.
Sir Grahame, ye wot this many day,
For him better I put away:
For I was of such nowrishing,
I would have none for no kin thing,
Neither for riches nor renown,
For lands breadth nor provision,
But he that wan with his hands two.
Sir Eger was called one of tho,
Called the best when he came hame,
How ever he wrought such was his name.
In companie such name he gat,
How ever he did, such was his hap:
I bade him let his journey be,
Make not this travel all for me:
I said, such field he may come in,
Was as able to tine or win.
I strake the nail upon the head,
All that he wan ye may soon read:
For trust ye me right well, Sir Grahame,
I wist the matter all sensyne:
For the first night that he came home,
I heard your words every eachone,
Under your chamber window stood,
And heard your carping ill and good:
I will not bid him for to bide,
Nor yet him counsel for to ride,
Neither consent I will thereto.
Of his wedding I have no do.
Sir Grahame he said, I trow he will,
But little seeking make you till:
And he tels in his coming hame,
That he hath sped a better name,
That is farre better of degree. you

You love not him, will you love me?
This he did say into bourding,
But he was sorry for that thing:
Yet sadly in his heart he thought,
To help his fellow if he moght:
And down he sate unto that place,
And then his dolour changed was:
For his fellow he was right mov'd,
Behind his back heard him reprov'd:
The Knight rose up, and went his way,
Sir Eger to sir Grahame can say,
Then hath he said to Sir Eger,
We think that it then better were,
To seek yon Knight, and him expel,
That you destroyed in battel:
But I trow well and by your tale,
That had your weapons holden hale,
he had been either tane or slain.
But sen it is against you gane,
For him we must go make some cast,
For to cause fight him at the last.
As with his hand he had him led,
Though ye be sleeping in your bed,
And that is sooth, I shal you see,
We shal fight him where ever he be.
Ye rise up in your best fulleet,
And put you on your robes full meet,
And at your window stand and go,
Books of Romances shal ye read so,
The whole court will be full fain,
When they see you now up again,
The earl himself will be full blithe,
For he thinks ye shal have to wife,
Yon young Lady his daughter gent:
But I cannot tell her intent,
Of women I can never traist,
I found them fickle and never fast:
Thus shal ye govern dayes nine,
Then shal ye rise when ye think time,
And put upon you all your gear:

As ye would ride in land of wear,
And take your leave at the knights all,
And at each one both great and small,
And at the Ladyes white as lake,
At your love no countenance make,
Be of few words, and skillarie,
Of countenance see ye be slee:
I force not though that ye so do,
And then turn you again me to:
My steed brought forth and sadled well,
I bide on more so have I feel.
Your coat armour then shal I take,
Your basnet and your gloves of plate,
your knife, your sword, I bid no mare,
And graith you right as you did aire:
Your brothers spear, your own was broken.
Then this gear when I have gotten,
In faith I shal no longer bide:
Nor yet shal spur my steeds side,
And though the Lady come and see,
Either me turn, or else to flee.
If I be in great jeopardie,
Stand ye and look there after me:
She shal say on to others than,
Sir Eger is no discomfist man:
yet shal she say, and others ma,
A better journey will he ta:
Sir Eger turned and said nay,
These seven moneths though I here lay,
Shal no man take that deed on hand,
While I may selt may ride and stand.
I think you much, but not for that,
ye ween I am put farre aback,
And ye trust no comfort in me.
I shal revenge me or else die.
Sir Grahame said to him that time,
It is not all as you do mean,
And if ye lay seven moneths there,
Or yet but one, or little mare,
Some new tidings that ye will hear,

The Lady will get her a feer.
For sir Dyas I understand,
Will brook the Lady and the land:
For since ye lay here I have seen
A privie message them between,
She hath heard all his whole intent,
And hath given him her consent:
For trust ye well, then said sir Grahame,
She knowes the matter all sensyne.
Since the first night that ye came home,
She heard your words ever each-one,
And by your chamber window stood,
And heard your carping ill and good.
Sir Eger sayes, If it be so,
Then wot I well I must forgo:
Love-liking, and manhood all clean.
The water rushed out of his een:
His head he shook, his hands he wrang,
And each hand on another dang.
Sir Grahame then said to him, Let be,
Ye shal be helped hastily,
For here I vow to God of might,
That I shal ride, and seek the Knight.
Into what land that he in be,
I shal him slay, or elle he me.
And if I chance to win the field,
And get his helm or yet his shield,
Or any mark of him to see,
The Lady will think it be ye:
She will say soon, and to you seel,
That she is woo'd and would you weel.
They called to him sir Pallias,
And told him all the very case,
They shew to him both all and some,
They kend full well that he would come:
The man that loves, and als is leel.
Is worthiest to keep counsel.
Then after that upon a day,
Sir Grahame to sir Eger can say,
If I should meet with yon Gray-steel,

I had need to be holden well:
And your emes sword sir Agam,
These seven winters can it ly,
The Lady locks it in a chist,
She thinks it should not come in thrust,
Nor yet be born into the field,
While that her son be come to eeld:
Had we it now in borrowing,
It might make us some comforting:
We must now have it ere we gang,
With other weapons good and strang:
Sir Grahame is to the Lady gone,
And said, Sir Eger is at heme,
And hath a journey tane on hand,
With a great knight of a strange land,
And his own good sword hath he broken,
And he hath not another gotten:
And prays you for a noble brand,
And take the Charters of his land.
Now trust you well withouttten weer,
Sir Grahame, she said, it is right here,
Though ye be charged, I you assure,
It will not fail, but ay endure,
And shal stand you into good steed,
While that ye have Gray-steels head,
For the first time that it was wrought,
To the king Forrest it was brought,
And seven winters he it bare,
His life-time was but little mare.
Then he betaught it to the Queen,
And to his son for to be given.
And with them dwelled then sir Grahame,
Was right instant at the making,
While he had made that noble brand,
For there may nothing it gainstand.
He may be sure to give a strake,
For it will never bows nor break,
Teugh as the wax when it was wrought,
Hard like the flint, and faileth nought.
It was never won by no strength.

Nor yet put back by its own length:
What flesh it ever happeth in,
Either in lyze or yet in skin:
Whether that were shank or arm,
It shal him do wonder great harm:
There is no fault in any thing,
But it was in misgoverning:
For a man of evil guiding,
May tine a kinrick and a king:
And I would not for both our Lands,
That it came in other mens hands.
Sir Grahame is from the Lady gane
To Watlaw, and his leave hath tane:
And ill dispos'd with fainted chear,
Sir Eger hath put on his gear:
Within seven dayes and seven nights,
On this same wise dealt both the knights,
While on the eight day of the prime,
Sir Eger saith, Now sir Grahame,
Wind up sir, and on your feet,
And see your gear be good and meet:
Look that ye arm you, and als clean,
As any time that ye have been,
And as warlike as ever ye wold,
Ride this day a battel to hold:
Into the hall make your repair,
Of countenance see ye be fair:
Then turn again and hold you still,
And let me do that which God will:
As for my work I have no dread,
I trust in God right well to speed.
Sir Eger sigh'd, and said, alas,
Right well payed sir Grahame he was,
And said, I pray you, sir, let be,
If ye will any help of me.
But with your tongue, ye may be wise,
The neareſt gate and where it lyes.
I shal you tell wonderful well,
That ye shal not go wrong a deal,
Ye know the way is for a while,

The valour more then thirty mile.
Ye shal be four dayes, and than
That ye shal see no kind of man,
Nor nothing but the fowles flyand,
Wilderness and all wasted land:
A River shal ye find at hand,
That runneth straight as any strand,
Though ye never so fast you speed,
Yet two dayes it shal you lead:
And then shal you see come runnand,
And water on the other hand,
For those two do both run in one,
A riding place there is not one,
Cross the water the first foord strand,
And hold them both on your left hand,
Then of your way you have no dread,
The salt water it will you lead:
And in the coast of that salt sand,
A great Forrest on your right hand,
But yet the wilderness will last
One day, ride ye never so fast.
Then come ye in the plainest land,
And an allay on every hand,
A fair castle then shal ye see,
Halls and Bowers of great plenty,
Orchards, Habers, and a fair green,
In that other a Lady sheen,
That in fairest may be a flower,
And clearest of all other colour.
She's courteous and kind of speech,
Over all the rest she may be Leech.
Great God, if I had with her bidden,
By this I might have gone or ridden:
My counsel she would have covered,
The which my self hath discovered.
Take ye a smal token from me,
There may ye right well eased be:
Her own sark it is best to bear,
And then somewhat else of your gear.
Sir Grahame he said, That may be ill,

Any token to take her till;
For I was loath, so God me sane,
For to be known till I came hame.
Sir Eger sayes, it is no skaith,
That she have quantance with us baith,
For she is full of all gentrice,
Into her heart hath no fancies,
Will ye behave you cunningly,
Ye may make her trow it is I.
She served me with candle-light,
I came and yeed both in one night.
And make her trow that both is ane.
Sir Grahame the sark hath with him tane,
And twenty pounds in it hath he:
Beeds of gold, and broches three,
And this is over little ware,
If he were purvey'd into mare.
But all without I may not be,
Some part now ye must leave with me.
Sir Grahame said, How shal I know
The woman that I never saw?
I tell to you it wondrous well,
Cannot go wrong nor miss a deal,
She is large of body and bene,
A fairer saw I never none.
With browes brent, and thereto small,
A drawing voice she speaks withall,
Betwixt her een and eke he niese,
There is the greatnes of a piese,
A spot of red, the lave is white,
There is none other that is her like.
And so her browes on a running,
There is a gay ready tokning:
And the Bower it stands east and west,
Thereon a weather-cock is prest.
It may be gold, it may be glass,
I might not see whereof it was.
It might be glass, it might be steel,
But it was bright, it shined well.
Sir Eger past into the hall,

And took his leave at the knights all,
Syne to the Earl kneeled on his knee.
He said, sir Eger, Now where shape ye?
He said, I have meekle ado,
And little beeting gets thereto.
The Countess said, I red you bide,
For neither have you hew nor hide,
I see your countenance is good,
But ye are pale, and ye want blood.
For by your hew it may be seen,
Into such state as ye have been,
Ye will not be this many day,
Therefore, sir Knight, I will you pray,
For any haste ye have to fare,
Bide still a while, let blood grow mare.
Mine hew, he said, let that alane,
But with your self, in faith Madame
I will not bide, so God me sane.
Farewell while that I come again.
Louted, and could the Countess kiss.
The Earl then took her hand in his:
And at the Lady white as lake,
Right reverently could his leave take:
And his own love she was therein,
Spake not to her, nor she to him:
For sir Grahame had to him told,
How he should to the Lady hold:
Yet he would not for great reprove,
From all the rest he took his leave,
But that he had something to say,
Ere that the time he went away:
But neither would he beck nor kneel,
Nor lowt, nor yet his head down heel:
But said, Lady, what will ye mare?
God keep you better then he did aire,
You gave a finger to let you land,
Now I am red ye leave an hand.
Displeased was many Lady bright,
She gave such answer to the Knight.
And so himself he thought great shame,
But answer to her made he nane. Forth

Forth at the door he past her fro,
And to his chamber could he go.
Pallias was true as the steel,
And keeped bidding wonder well:
And at the door received him in,
But none in after him might win.
Few words then was there them among,
There hands shook, said, Tarry not long.
Sir Grahame was ready to the rade,
A squyre upon the calsay bade,
And in his hand had holding
A bold steed, and well lasting,
Tyed right well with his girths two,
Pallias himself gave him mo,
About his breast he laid a band,
To make the sadle fast on stand.
Great buckle of iron to make it last:
It had great mister to be fast.
For he was red that young sir Grahame,
In his travel he should them tine.
His spurrs he keeped not so well,
But his steeds sides he made them feel:
The steed rebounded from the spurrs,
And rushed rudely through the turrs:
The Lady stood and had good sight,
To see the pasing of the Knight:
She might see paising perfectly,
Whether he past in chivalrie,
Or there was any fainying,
Or in this heart discomforting.
She perceived even as it was,
With stout heart and great manliness:
his spear, his shield, his helm of steel,
His steed he governed right well,
And was as fresh as any lyon,
he and his horse rode off the town:
The Lady marvell'd greatumly,
That he past into such degree:
What ever she thought, nought she said,
But on the Knight small flurt she made.
And to the chamber could she pass,

Where both the knights there biding was.
The doors where closed and put to,
The Lady chapped and made undo:
He received in that young Lady,
And hailsed her right courteously:
Then Pallias a God can sang,
And in a chair he it down flang,
And made the Lady persevering,
Of all easement and down-sitting,
And she said, Nay, and walked by,
To the bed where he went to ly:
She thought to have him lying there,
But in the bed was not sir Eger,
The window closed to hide the light,
That she of him might get no light:
The courtaines they were all drawn in,
That on no wise they might be seen.
She drew the courtaines and stood within,
And all amazed spake to him:
Then meened to him his distress,
Heart or the head whether it was.
And his sickness less or more,
And then talked of sir Eger,
And said to him, where have I been?
Where the knights passage I have seen,
And I do think by my knowledge,
He was as like in his visage,
For to do well, and thereto speed,
As any journey that ever he yeed,
But he hath made a fair showing
And in his heart great comforting,
So lovingly to him she spake,
But soon after she fell aback.
And said, it was no mastery,
Where there comes against a party:
But when there is a knight for knight,
They must do more to try a right:
Knight for knight, and steed for steed,
Then to do well were all the need,
There is no better company,
Nor one to meet alonerly, This

This tale I tell by sir Eger,
That he made in his travel aire,
Whereto should he seek aventures,
In armies he hath tint his armours,
Not so, but he was overcome,
In bushment lying waiting him:
And all they brake at sir Eger,
But them then he did not fear:
But right stoutly he did them byde,
And all that hapned in that tide:
Ere any of them to him wan,
There he slew an hie kinned man.
When he is felled on the ground,
And through the shield hath got a wound,
A north-land knight full dughty,
Rescued him with company,
There was but he and other ten,
And they were twenty hie kinned men,
And then were twenty taine and slain,
Then sir Eger rescued again:
They brought sir Eger to the King,
With meekle mirth and magnifying,
They prokered him for his voyage,
The Kings sister in mariage:
And he sighed, and would not have,
And followed alwayes on the lave:
I say not, Lady, your tale to peach,
But if I could, I would you teach:
There should no man then it unlove,
Say that is was his own reprove.
Pallias said to that Lady,
But fair words, and right tenderly:
When he had said all that he would,
The knight said with Steven full bold,
Sick that I am, and wonder sore,
And for my fellow moved more,
That now is past in such degree,
And I wite none, Lady, but ye.
While I hear word of him again,
Whether he slayes, or bees slain,
have more of my collation hold. the

The Lady went where that she would,
But they bode in their chamber still,
At leasure and at their own will.
¶ Now we will let them all alone,
Carpe of sir Grahame that forth is gone,
He countered in the west-land,
Beyond the Fell, the water sand:
And followed as he was bidden,
And to the forrest he is ridden,
And passed it in dayes three,
That they said, fifteen it should be:
And then he saw a tokening,
A reek did rise, and a gladning,
He saw before him on the way,
A yeoman ride on an hacknay,
Entring in at the forrest side,
He call'd on him, and bade him bide:
The yeoman hover'd and stood still,
And said, Sir, what is your will?
He said, Fellow, thou tell to me,
Who is the Lord of this countrie?
Whether that he is old or young,
Or who hath it in governing?
The yeoman said, I understand,
He is an Earl that ought this Land,
They do call him, Earl Goslus,
And hath none heir but Lillias.
Is she a widow? then said he.
She is a maiden certainlie
Sir Alistoun that gentle knight,
She and he elle hath their troth plight.
The Earl that hecht sir Garrentine,
Was slain by Gray-steel on a time:
And for sir Garrentine his head,
Sir Alistoun had him at dead:
And so he thought him to have won,
But sped as ill as others have done.
The yeoman said, I understand,
That ye are unknown in this Land.
The Earl is fair-calling and free,
And there ye may well eased be.

There

There may ye have right good gaistning,
If that ye will make sojourning.
The knight he said all these words syne:
How farre is't to the castle hyne,
But miles three, it is no mo,
With you I shal ride of them two:
The yeoman rode forth with the Knight,
While of the castle he got sight,
Syne took his leave, and from him rade,
The knight to him great thanks he made.
He waild an Inne into the town,
Before the gate he lighted down.
And there they came to him on hie,
Great gentle-men and squyarie:
And from him they took his good steed,
And to his stable could him lead,
To hecks full of corn and hay,
And other horse were led away:
The master-household was therein,
And he betaught them unto him,
Both his good horse and his armour,
And all that fell to his honour.
And he from him took them on hand,
And said, that he should them warrand,
And proffer'd him a squarie,
To go with him in company:
But he said, Nay, he needed none,
But raiked forth, his way is gone:
And when he came the town without,
He looked then him round about,
Orchards, harbers, and all eyes green:
The wether-cock stood fair and sheen,
The samine bower as he me told,
He was of all his tokens bold,
He had gone right and nothing wrong,
Joyful in heart was he among:
He thought if he might get a sight,
Of the Lady both fair and bright.
He would think the better to speed,
In any journey where he yeed.
He stood a while, such hap he had,

He saw the Lady, and was glad:
Coming was with a Damosell,
He perceived wonder well,
It was the same Lady he sought,
By all the tokens, and failed nought:
He raiked to the fair Lady,
And hailsed her right courteously,
And in his visage could he mean,
As he before had done her seen.
But she did know him in nothing,
Neither did he her but fainting,
And he seemed a courteous knight,
Of any that came in her sight,
Reverently she made him state,
But quantance none other they wate:
Then hastilie he could out draw,
His sark of silk, and could it shaw:
And costlie jewels als but miss:
Sir, then she said, so have you bliss,
How fares the knight that did send this?
He sayes, Lady, I do not lane,
He that it bure, brought it again.
Then blithly on him could she look,
Courteously to him could she mute,
And swore by Jesus Heavens King,
I am right glad of your coming,
And certainly by Gods grace,
Have ye gotten ought at this place?
Or any thing that could you bet?
I would think that it were right fit.
Then sayes he, here was a bet,
Which I think never to forget,
Wherefore to you I make living,
Of my life, and no other thing.
Then courteously she spake to him,
And to his gastning bade him come.
He said, Lady, my Inne is tane,
And squyers with me are mo then ane.
I bade the Ostler certainlie,
To purvey both for them and me.

he would been glad, if that he might,
have been out of the Ladyes sight.
For he was dreading for kenning,
he would have been out of feeling;
he could not get away so soon,
As mister was for to have done:
his fellowes visage it was fair,
But he was hurt under the hair;
A courther over it was drawn,
To let it for to be unknawn.
An oyntment over the skin he drew,
To make the hide another hew,
he did work wisely in that case,
But in some things he was rackless.
Talking as she then by him stood,
For to see if his hands were good,
She took the glove as she could stand,
And turned down over his hand;
Syne when she saw his hands bare,
And all his fingers standing there,
She perceived that it was not he,
And kindly carping she let be,
And dryly to him could she speak,
Where is the knight that here lay sick:
he said, Lady as ye may see.
yet did she say, that might well be,
What ferlie was he though long home,
For here such leeching there was none,
There is no Leech in all the land,
Can put a finger to an hand,
The finger that he left in wed,
That is another in its steed.
Both as fair, as whole, and as clean,
As ever it was, or yet hath been:
ye should not, sir, in a strange land,
Mock or yet be over bourdand:
And if ye will with bourding dail,
Right cleanlie then ye should them wail,
Your bourding could I well consider,
But scorn and heeding goes together.

Yet never allowed will ye be,
Nor yet in no good companie:
Sir, if that ye was hither sent,
And to scorn me in your intent,
Ye shal not be but scornd of me,
And ere ye pass off this countrie:
First, she was both right mild and meek,
Kind and courteous for to speak.
Then wart she angry and so hate,
And all into another state:
The Jewels that the knight had brought,
The Lady set them all at nought,
Down at his feet she let them fall,
And wrathfullie turned her withall,
And to her chamber bowned her to gang:
The knight his hands in hers could fang,
She shoot his hands, and bade, let go.
But he to hold, she would not so.
I pray you, Lady, of your grace,
Your meekness and your soberness,
Let not your will over-gang your wit,
While ye be advised with it.
Whether there be cause or nane,
And that there be cause, I am to blame:
Hear me a point that I shal shaw,
There God into borrowes I draw.
But I shal tell you all the ground,
The which all sooth it shal be found,
What through prayer, & als through threat,
She stood and heard what the knight spake,
And then sir Grahame his tale began,
And shew her forth the matter than,
The knight that was here is my brother,
And I am older then the other.
A journey I must take for him,
Whether that I must tin or win.
He hath a lusty love at home,
Love nor husband she would have none,
But he that ever in armes wan,
Sen the first time that he began,
And he tint now, & that she wate,

And drawes aback, and makes debate;
And he loves her in such degree,
Without her love he may not be,
But he will wed her to his wife,
Or tine his honour and his life.
And I would gladly if I might,
Be acquainted with the same knight,
And see if he would be my brother,
Send him one wed for another,
And will he not, by heavens King,
There shal men carpe of our parting.
And so must I now honour win,
In any land that I come in:
Or ever in arms win the gree,
I have told you the veritie.
¶ The Lady stood and her bethought,
For to reprove him would she nought.
This is a seemly knight to see,
And carps most courteously to me,
And I his tale for to impele,
I wot not, but it may be leele,
Then it were great reproof to me,
I shall allow it how ever it be.
This was her thought into the time,
As she told after to Sir Grahame.
Sir, then she said, I can well trow,
Your tale is good, and I allow:
For of such points ye would not shaw,
Nor charge on your man-hood to draw,
And ye shal bide all night with me,
Will ye have two or will ye three:
I would you had your pith right well,
Ere that ye met with Sir Gray-steel.
She caused a boy full soon him speed,
Where that the knight had left his steed,
A piece of gold with him she send.
The knight his cost for to amend.
A royall supper there was dight,
To the Lady and to the knight,
The meat and drink was not to spare,
All good easements then he had there.

Then after Supper could she say,
To comfort him on his journey:
If that he will go to Gray-steel,
I trow to God ye shal do well,
And if that ye do win the tree,
It is but fortune, and not ye.
And if a fortune against him rin,
There is no more defence in him,
And there is none other the whilk,
I trow to God ye be that ilk:
If ye have hap the knight to slay,
I trow to God ye shal do swa:
There is nothing in all this land,
That shal be holden from your hand,
And namely that belongs to me,
So that mine honour saved be.
He slew my brother my fathers heir,
Als mine own love, and that was mare,
And sensyne I was never aye
Into good liking half a day.
And when she spake of her Lemman,
The water over her cheeks soon ran.
Sir Grahame beheld the Lady free,
His heart wrought bold, and held on hie,
And trow'd if he might slay the knight,
Then might he win the Lady bright.
So spake the Lady and sir Grahame,
While that it was right good bed time.
And thus they talked and they spake,
Syne spices and the wine they take:
And to a bed then they him brought,
For to get sleep if that he mought.
But he thought never night so lang,
While day came that the fowles sang:
He was rising and soon on steed,
The Lady heard where she was near,
She caus'd two maidens bear him light,
And courteously did serve the knight,
With broken meat, and spices hate,
To strength the knight in his estate:

Carved

Carved his meat, and to him share,
While he was full, and would no mare:
When he was ready for to pass,
The Lady said that by him was:
Sir Grahame a knight of aventure,
In preals think on your paramour:
I will not bid you think on me,
Think on your love where ever she be,
And on your friends that are at home,
And on your gaining ye have tane:
And here your supper shal be dight.
I think ye shal be here all night.
Think not Gray-steel albeit he would,
Shal hinder you your tryst to hold.
He said, Lady, so God me reed,
And if ye would, he shal not speed,
I have more dread he will not come,
Then I have of his mothers son.
Then certes said the Lady fair,
Trust ye right well he will be there.
Trust in the field he will be seen,
By ye have riden over the green.
She caus'd a boy out with him gang,
A wine bottle with him could fang,
Unto the town then they both yeed,
Where that the knight had left his steed,
They found him in a good apply,
Both hay and corn, and bread him by.
The ostler he could thanking make,
And bade him more then he would take:
The ostler saw him bown to fare,
Sadled his horse and made him yare:
A spear that was both great and lang,
A squyer he brought it him to fang,
Women weeped sore for the knight,
When he passed out of their sight,
They trow'd that he would be in that fear,
Where many man had left their head,
Ere it was mid-morn of the day,
He came where that the place did ly.

Which was called the land of doubt,
A forrest lying round about,
In Roman stories who will read,
Two miles of length and two of bread:
He saw nothing into that steed,
But great felloun down Deer and reed,
He saw beside him on an hight,
A faire castle with towers wight,
A deep river both long and brade,
Was never one that over it rade:
That had not sir Gray-steel his leave,
That came again without repreave.
Sir Grahame he looked not to that,
But sought a foord and that he gat,
When he was on the other side,
Then fair and hulie could he ride:
He rode the two part of the land,
And nothing found he there steerand.
He lighted on his foot and stood,
To ease his horse and do him good.
His spear he sticked, it was so lang.
His shield upon his sadle hang.
Syne drank of wine and made good cheer,
Then thought he on the Lady clear:
And then he would no longer bide,
But near the castle can he ride.
For he was so red that the knight,
Should not have come before the night:
But yet he needed not do so,
For Gray-steel he had watches two,
The one of them could to him ride,
And said upon yon field doth bide,
A ventrous knight upon a steed,
And he is biding you indeed.
And hath over-ridden all the plain,
He hath now turned him again.
Gray-steel then said, let him alone,
This half a year hath not gone one,
But either he shal fight or flee,
Or else a token leave with me.
The yeoman that the tidings brought,

baid prively, that would be nought:
Thereon now dare I lay my life,
Ere that he flee there shal be strike.
They brought Gray-steel then forth a steed,
Dressed him syne, and thither yeed.
Sir Grahame was standing all alone,
Counsel to take he had not one,
He heard beside him at his hand,
As it were great horsemen ridand,
He wont there had been mo then one,
Looked and saw but him alone:
A ventrous knight full hardilie,
Came dressed soon and readilie.
His gear was red as any blood,
His horse of that same hew he stood:
And fra sir Grahame of him got light,
He trowed well it was the knight
Defoul'o his brother sir Eger.
Then waxt he brim as any bare,
His spear before him could he fang,
Suppose it was both great and lang,
And called right fast at sir Gray-steel,
Behind of it left never a deell:
And Gray-steel called at sir Grahame,
As wood lyons they wrought that time.
The horse together have they set,
They missed not, but ever met.
Sir Grahame hath stricken his enemie,
Through courch and shield right twenty ply,
Through harbergeoun and actoun under,
And clave the shield all in a sunder,
And he got never such a strake,
Nor yet there might be few the make.
But he that did the dint lay on,
He left no vengeance to the son.
Forth through the shield he did him bare,
Through ventale, and through forehare.
And so again through the actoun:
Through birnie and through harbergeoun:
The tees of the sadle down yeed,
Or elst he had born down his steed.

And als in two he clave his shield,
And bure him quite out of the field.
Wide open he lay on his back,
And soon upon his feet he gat,
And drew his sword and thought to stand,
And then Gray-steel came at his hand:
They might perceive then well Gray-steel,
So by Sir Grahame right wonder well,
By his body and by his red,
And by his countenance he made,
And by his course that he did run,
That lightly he might not be won:
On horse he would no more sailyie,
On foot he thought not for to sailyie:
He drew his sword, and to him ran,
Sir Grahame bure him off like a man.
And in old stories he heard say,
That both in earnest and in play,
It were better who might it hint,
Get the first strake nor the last dint:
Into his youth he learned had,
Most craftily to weild his blade:
Of acward strakes by was right slie,
Of counter casts both low and hie:
Sir Grahame thought not for all the haste,
The first strake in vain to waste:
An acward strake with all his pith,
He strake him while he groaned with,
Such a great dint he hath him taue,
It pierst the birnie through the bane:
The sword out through the mantle share.
Gray-steel was wounded verie sare,
And such two strakes in all his time,
Got he never, as gave Sir Graham.
To sailyie he had little thought,
He sought revenge it that he mought
And he hath quite him with another
That might have been that strakes brother.
He then upon his shoulder bane,
Such a sore dint he hath him tane.
The strake was of so great renown, he

He failied force and settled down,
On that side he had lost his brand,
Had he not kept the other hand,
Wight Gray-steel have had in that time,
And set another on sir Grahame,
I trow he had not all that night,
Come again in the Ladyes sight.
They strake this wise an hour and mare,
But not so fast as they did aire:
An haur and mare this wise they dang,
But never a word was them amang:
But their stiff swords both bein and stout,
While harnels dang the edges out.
Bodies they made both black and bla,
Like wood lyons so fought they twa.
What for fighting and blood he bled,
Gray-steel was never so hard bested.
And that perceived well sir Grahame,
He hasted him in fell good time,
And said, now yeeld thee now Gray-steel,
Or thou shalt never do so well.
Then lightly said he, thou shalt lie,
For that man shal I never see.
Gray-steel was grieved at that word,
With both his hands he hint his sword,
And all the strength that he had leed,
He set upon sir Grahame his head.
He came never in such a thrist,
At both his eares the blood out brist:
He staggered on his feet and stood,
Grieved he was and full of mood:
Sir Grahame then with a noble brand,
He strake on him with both his hand.
Under the gorget got a garth,
And followed fast thereon with pith,
Quite thorow the throat soon did slide,
And made a wound both deep and wide,
So wight in world was never none.
But where two meets them alone,
And departs without company,
But one must win the victorie. Gray-

Gray-steel unto his death thus thrawes,
he walters and the grass updrawes:
his armes about him could he cast,
he pulled herbes and rootes fast:
A little while then lay he still,
Friends that him saw liked full ill.
And blood into his armour bright,
For so he had full many dight,
In world there is no bale nor blis,
Or whatsoever that it is,
But at the last it will overgang,
Suppose that many think it lang.
This tale I tell by sir Gray-steel,
That fortune long had led him well.
Now hath he sembled with a knight,
That for his fellow came to fight:
Now hath sir Grahame done this good deed
he looked where he left his steed:
The steeds together have they run,
Fighting as they had first begun.
Sir Grahame raiked to them full right,
he took them by the bridles bright,
Stabled them soon, and made them stand,
The wine bottle he took in hand:
he set it to his head and drank,
And said, the Lady serveth thank,
For there was neither aile nor wine,
That came to me in so good time.
And then he came right soon again,
Where that the knight was lying slain:
And then his right hand off he took,
Syne in a glove of plate it shook:
The helmes he might not turse them baith,
But to choose he thought no skaith.
And so they might have gaind him well,
The one was gold, the other steel,
The better helm then he it took,
The hand within the glove he shook,
The shields he knat together fast,
And over the sadle could them cast:
Syn lap upon his fair red steed, his

his own into his hand could lead,
And thereon he rade fair and hulie,
And from the castle came a skry:
Wen did he see both gang and rin,
To horse and weapons that might win,
Ladyes weeped right wonder sair,
Rave all their courches and their hair.
Who oft-times had been blith and glad,
Bloody steeds when he them made,
For it was Gray-steel his arming,
His death should be no challenging.
As then to them they spake right nought,
Few words they said, but many thought,
It was well far within the night,
And yet for all the haste he might,
Ere that he came into the steed.
Many one said, the knight was dead,
A boy came ganging to the door,
Syne turned in upon the floor,
And said, This is the samine knight,
That rode away when day was light,
And the steed he rode on is red,
I trow that Sir Gray-steel be dead.
For such tokens came never again,
But he was either tane or slain:
And soon they came to him again,
Great gentle-men and squarie,
Then to the Dastler said the host.
Dress well the steeds, spare not for cost,
Bed ye them well, and lay them soft,
Give to them meat that they want nought,
And what costs that ye do to tha,
I shal it double, and mends ma.
They set a chair then to the knight,
And off they took his helm so bright,
The helme of Gold it was so gay,
For it had been in hard assay:
And stalward straikes on it was stricken,
With great knowledge it was written.
For doughtie hands made it to fail,
Had fourty straiks in it by tale.

An

An hundred straikes withoutten mo,
Was stricken in hardnels also.
And they were of so great degree,
That it was wonder for to see:
How any man might strike so fast,
And weapons dure or ever last,
Or lives could save, that was them under,
Of the good knight they had great wonder,
But other things he had in thought.
What ever he thought, he spake right noght,
His journey was not brought to end,
And he was loath for to be kend.
He had rather his fellow at hame
Had the worship, and als the name.
Then to the burgels can he say,
Good sir one thing I would you pray,
That ye would speed one thing by you,
The burgels said, will ye me trow,
What ever it be, you show me till,
It shal be done at your own will.
He said, I harbered this last night
With a good Lord, the gentlest Knight:
This day at morn I from him yeed,
I beght if fortune with me stood,
That I should be this night again,
And I would keep my tryst right fain,
Als I wot not but yon knights keen,
May stabled be where mine horse been,
And they will have some watch or spy,
Where that I bide, or where I ly:
If I do ly into plain land,
And there a castle at mine hand,
Where that I may received be,
And ought but good should happen me,
It were too great reprove and shame,
To be discovered by my name:
And I would fain be at the knight,
Or his daughter the Lady bright,
Of leething craft she is right slee,
I have great need of one to me. Into

Into great peril am I nought,
But I am lore and all forefought.
I pray you, ye will with me gang,
Your helm and shield ye with you fang:
The helm and shield he took him till,
And went the way before him still.
When they came to the bower and door,
There was no light upon the floor,
A folding board was covered,
And with white cloths laid upon it.
Their supper dight, and to them brought,
The Lady sate and ate right nought,
And neither would she eat or drink,
But ever on the knight did think.
Nor to her maidens would she speak,
But sate so sad, as maiden meek.
A long while she sate in studie,
And then she said right suddenlie,
He that this supper for is dight,
He lyes full cold, I trow his night.
The steen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-steel hath made his bed.
It is great loss that he was sent
Upon Gray-steel for to be spent.
For he was large of lyze and bone,
And nourishing he wanted none.
And I know well by his own tale,
That he hath wrought without counsel,
His friends they may be right unfain,
When that the word is to them gane,
That such a tinsel they should tine.
For so would I, if he were mine.
As of my brother or my kin
Or any quaintance had of him.
We lore forethinks that the good knight,
Persued ever in my sight.
This did she say, and sighed sare,
And then sate still and spake no mare.
The knight heard all where that he stood,
And thought the Lady meaned good.

Then to the burgeſs can he rown,
And bade him ſpeak in fair faſhioun.
The burgeſs call'd, & to them ſpake.
The maiden anſwerd, Who is that?
Becauſe he was no man of ſtate,
She ſayes, What do ye here ſo late?
The burgeſs ſaid, I would be in.
The maiden ſaid, Ye may not win.
We cloſe the dooꝛ beforꝛe the night,
And opens not while day be light.
The keyes unto the booꝛd are boꝛn,
We ſee them not while on the moꝛn.
If ye would ought, go gang about,
Oꝛ ſtand and ſhow your charge without.
To gang about there is no gate,
But firſt in at the Caſtle yate:
Syne thꝛogh a wicket there withall,
Ere any came to the maids hall.
The burgeſs knew the gate full well
And ſaid, Faith now ye Damoſel,
Ere I ſhould go ſo far about,
I will you tell my charge without.
If ye will not let me in,
Here is a token then from him,
Which was given the ſamine night,
The wine bottel ſhe gave the knight.
I will that ſhe ſhould underſtand,
I have it here into mine hand:
A thing that ſhe then to him ſpake,
But he & ſhe, none ſhould have that.
She ſaid, Ye Knight of aventure,
In pꝛeaſs think on your paramour.
The Lady ſaid, So have I feel,
I know the token wonder well,
And if he be at Inne with thee,
And likes better then come to me,
Let him alone with Chꝛiſts bleſsing,
Foꝛ he ſhal have no ſend of mine.
The knight was red he ſhould her grieve,
And then he foꝛe-thought without leave,
that he ſhould on ſuch matter mean,

That they had spoken them between.
He thought and the fairlie he said,
And of her gaistning thanking made.
He said, Lady, it was so late,
And I was not kend with the gate,
And for doubt I should gang aside,
That made me for to have a guide;
Fra time she heard that he was there,
Better content she was not aire:
There was no keyes there him to let,
The door unclosed wide up set:
And he came in then right blithlie,
She him received right thankfullie:
With right blyth chear, & mouth laughand,
She took him in by the right hand,
And asked at him how he had farn?
Well, he did say, and sped my yarn;
To the token I have been there,
The helme and shield that he did bear,
And his red steed of great renown,
His gilt sadle is in the town.
Another thing to mend your cheer,
His right hand glove is sent you here:
Lady, perceive now as ye stand,
That in the glove there is an hand:
Then took she it right courteouslie,
Syne gave it to the maiden by.
The maiden hath perceived soon,
The glove was heavie and not toom:
And for to look, she thought reason,
Opened the glove, the hand fell down,
It dropped at the Ladyes foot.
The Lady could upon it look,
She was joyful for the knights dead,
The hand was griesly for to sead,
She knew that hand came from the glove,
Had slain her brother and her love.
Such old malice made her to mean,
She waxed cold, and syn to teen.
Her hew it changed pale and wan:
The knight he well perceived than,

that

That the Lady was in distress,
And he thought ferly what it was.
He said, Lady, why do ye so?
I thought this had been one of tho.
For ye desired for to see,
And ye hecht some reward to me,
And I have brought them in your sight,
Through grace of God, and of his might,
And ever I had mind of you,
The land of doubt when I rode throw.
All that I hecht, have ye not dread.
But sir, she said, ye shal come speed:
It shal be holden and well mare,
Ere that ye off this countrey fare.
Ye might have letten such go by,
What needs you to be so hasty?
Then to the burgess can she speak,
She bade him wash, and go to meat.
The burgess said, I will go home,
My menyie are biding eachone:
They brought the burgess bread and wine,
When he had drunk, took his leave syne:
They clos'd the door soon at his back,
And off the knight his gear can take;
The Lady was leech, and had skil,
And spared not, but laid him till,
Both for the stang and for the stound,
And also for his bloody wound.
She handled him as tenderlie,
As she had been his own Ladie:
With handling of the Lady bright,
Swat sore so then the noble knight,
That she behov'd to try his will,
Ye have my trowth now there intil,
And in the bower while I do bide,
For any thing that may betide,
I shal be at your bidding bail,
And govern me at your counsel:
While ye be come to your estate,
Whereto will ye make now debate,

For

or I hecht you this hinder night,
ye had hope to slay the knight:
nd force of fortune with you stood,
hen neither gold, nor yet should good,
or noblenes, nor yet treasures,
ought was mine, but it was yours.
ut a fair tale it may be shown,
nother in the heart be known.
allet is ay a fained friend,
nd it cometh ay at the last end:
ut I trust well to heavens King,
loved you above all thing.
oubtles I may not be put back,
nd in lawtie there is no lack,
nd since I know your daughty deed,
ow ye have put your self in dread,
hrough hardines of heart and hand,
e hurt him so he might not stand.
he worst that ever rade or yeed,
hrough your counsel may think to speed,
our lawtie is above all other,
hat ye had rather given your brother
ll the worship and als the name,
hat lyes into his bed at hame.
he Lady said, by heavens King,
e marvels of your governing,
hat ye should pass off this countrie,
nd make your quaintance but with me:
f ye do so into this land,
y friends they would do on each hand,
nd ferlie wonder greatumly,
or what ferlie it were, and why,
hat ye should have my love so well,
ecause your brother slew Gray-steel:
e do my counsel ere you go,
ou shal acquaint you with some mo:
y father is a man of might,
entle and free to every knight:
hen that he was in his youth age,
e was a man of stout courage,

Furthy and forward in the fields,
But he is now bouden with eild,
That he may not in his own keer,
Busk not yet ride in land of weer:
But he is wise, gentle and free,
A kinder shal ye never see:
Fast and sicker of his tongue,
Both to the old and eke the young.
Fra he hath known your daughty deed,
How ye have put your self in dread,
How worthily that ye have won,
And ye but young and new begun,
He will reward you ere ye pass,
Of reason what ye will him as,
Whether ye would have gold or land.
The knight he said, Nothing but your hand.
Yea, then she sayes, it may well be.
If it be so, so it likes me;
For he that hath my marriage,
Shal have my fathers heritage:
An hundred pound he may well spend,
Of pennie meale each year to end,
Withoutten warns or releses.
Great Lords hold him all their chiefes.
Earles and Bishops, and als Barouns,
And many royal borrow towns:
Ye and I shal have such gentrice,
And work all whole at my device.
Ye put upon you all your gear,
As ye should ride in fair of weer,
And in a chair ye set you down,
And my maidens in their fashioun,
Shal stand and make you comforting,
And serve you both with spice and wine,
And be you blyth and make good chear,
I will go bring my father here,
And my dear mother the Countess,
And show to them of all the case,
To me and my mother us two,
I shal not kyth you to no mo.
He that the Earl into the hall, had

Had supped and his knights all,
They went in royalty to sing.
The Earl bethought him on a thing,
How this young Lord, sir Garrenttne,
In armes that was both fresh and fine,
Was brought to dead upon a bear,
Soon after that within a half year:
Sir Alistoun that gentle knight,
Who should have had the Lady bright,
And fra the time he caus'd her die,
That was both might, and als manlie,
For great man-hood and als nurtour,
He might have been an Emperour,
He had an hoast in governing,
But Gray-steel had such chance given,
In world was never none so good,
Had strength that yet against him stood:
When that came to the Earls thought,
He left this play, and held it nought:
And in the chamber walkt a space,
In came the Lady fair of face,
With laughing mouth and lovesome chear,
He said, Welcome, my daughter dear,
The comforter of all my care:
Sen he is dead that was my fare,
Mine heart is bound and also broken,
I am full wo while I be woken.
The Lady said to him again,
Sir, he that slayes, he will be slain,
Therefore be blyth and make good chear,
For I am come with tidings here,
To comfort you and make you glad,
That ye would passing fain have had:
A man may covet many a year,
That many right hastilie appear.
And he may soon have all his will,
That felloun freek that was so fell:
He lyes low, and is right cold,
That right redoubted was and bold,
And the right ablest in his gear,
That ever rade with shield & spear. His

His helm of gold that was so bright,
It stands at my bed-side this night,
And the hand liggs upon my bed,
That hath tane many wrongous wed.
The Earl asked, Who did the deed?
The Lady said, so God me speed,
It is a quarter of a year,
Sen that time that a knight came here,
Right sore wounded with sword and knife,
Scantly was left in him his life:
Yet I perceived by his affeer,
He was a ventrous Knight of weer:
And he had met with sir Gray-steel,
As many did, and he might feel.
When I had seen that of the knight,
I held him in my bower all night,
Dispoyled him of all his gear,
Then the most wound that did him dear,
By stones of vertue stemd the blood,
I made him salve both fine and good,
They softed him, and made him sleep,
And laid him down, and could him keep,
And in the dawning of the day,
He bowned him, and made his way.
Fra that he would no longer bide,
Another salve to him I made,
That lasted him a day or two,
A sark of silk I gave him to:
It is a quarter of a year,
Sen time that the knight came here.
I heard him say that came him fro,
That he might neither ride nor go.
The Earl said to the Lady bright,
When heard ye tidings of the knight?
From him the streen there came another,
And he is the famine Knights brother,
Came raiking to me where I stood,
And brought me tidings fair and good:
Then hastily he shew to me,
Beads of Gold and broches three:
The sark that I gave to the knight, And

And twenty pounds of pennies bright.
Then he said gladly, If I might,
I would be quanted with the knight.
And courtously he asked tythance,
If that of him I had quantance:
And when I asked after the Knight,
He said to me, by Marie bright,
He lyes at home into my bed,
Right as I were with sickness led.
Kept in secret and quietly,
And I am come in this country,
To ses if he will be my brother,
Send him one wed for another:
And will he not, by heavens King,
There shal men carp of our meeting:
And I have credance of the knight,
And held him in my bower all night:
And in the dawning of the day,
He bowned him to his journey,
And right now is he come again,
And brought me word the knight is slain.
And that made me this time come here,
To comfort you and make good chear:
Now make your quantance with the knight,
For he will ride ere day be light.
The Earl he would no longer stand,
But took the Countess by the hand.
The Lady was as white as Swan,
Before them to the bower is gang:
The knight before the Chimney stood,
With right blith countenance and good,
He took his helm into his hand,
Hailsed the Earl right reverand:
The Lady brought the shield to see,
The Earl then kneeled on his knee,
Thanking the God of heavens King,
And to the knight attour all thing,
On you be worship and honour,
Of fortune ye have won the flower.
So doughtily as ye have sailyed.
And that many thereof have failyed.

Therefore to God a gift I give,
Everlasting that while I live,
It shal be yours ought that is mine.
The Lady made the knight a syne,
The knight kneeled full courteouslie,
And said, then Lord, this young Lady,
I will now ask her for my wage,
And have her into marriage:
The Countess said, Me thinks it right,
To give the maiden to the knight,
For his worthip and his bountie,
Give him the maid for honestie.
The Earl said, If her own consent
Be to the knight with good intent,
Then needs not any mo witness,
None but the Earl and the Countess,
And two maidens right mild of mood,
Against their wills, but for their good.
The Earl he would no longer stand,
But took his helm in his right hand,
Then he shewed it into the hall,
Into the Court amongst them all.
And they did know it wonder well,
To be the helm of sir Gray-steel,
Keeped the Forest and the Green,
And many times did it maintain.
A knight asked, Who hath him slain?
The Earl he said to him again,
A courteous knight hath won the field,
And brought the helm home and the shield.
Hath left them with my daughter dear,
At her own fang in her harbeir,
And he is past in his own land,
And tane the glove and the right hand.
They prayed all to Sainct Gregorie,
To send the knight good harberie.
Then seven dayes that gentle knight,
Was lodged with the Lady bright,
And all easements he had there,
That might serve for his own welfare.
He warnd the burgess on the morn,

Bade bring the two steeds him before,
And have them ready ere the day,
He would make no longer delay,
But he would pass in his own land,
With helm, and glove, shield, and the hand.
He takes his leave with lovesome chear,
Syne at the Lady fair and clear.
Farewel my love, and my liking,
I leave mine heart in your keeping.
The Lady said, ye shal not tine,
If I have yours, ye shal have mine.
The burgess rade forth with the knight,
While he might see to ride full right:
Through all the countrey but a guide,
And left him at the Forrest side.
He spurd the steeds, and did not spare,
And rade out fourty miles and mare,
While that it drew toward the night,
The passage lay out over an hight,
He would not take the Fell so late,
So far he came another gate.
A burgess had been at the fair,
In merchandise selling his wair,
A yeoman riding at his back,
A little boy driving his pack:
The knight stood still, went not away,
The burgess was on an haknay,
He hailsd the knight right reverently,
Then to the burgess thus spake he,
Wish me good friend, if that ye can,
Where that I may get any man,
Where I may find both corn and hay,
And stables for my steeds till day,
And lodging for my self this night,
That I may have my steeds well dight,
For I have ridden fast and sare,
I dread the steeds they are the ware:
But they get meat and noble stand.
The burgess said, Here is at hand:
Will ye ride west a little down,
Under the Fell a little town,

And

And ye may get both wine and ail,
And all kind wealth that ye can wail,
And service both of man and knave,
And all easements that ye would have:
It drawes late and near the night,
A stranger man may ride unright:
I will pass with you when ye ride,
Good sir, my self shal be your guide.
We shal not twin while it be late,
Then shal I put you in the gate:
the burgess is a man of might,
And he rade talking with the knight.
He perceived well by his leir,
He was a venterous knight of weir:
And by his helm, and by his shield,
that he had fought and won the field,
He call'd the man that by him stood,
Go hy thee home with all thy mood,
And see that there be ready dight,
A royal supper for the knight:
this is a knight of aventour,
to me it were a great honour,
In company sen we are met,
That I had him in my reset.
For we must now wit ere we pass,
Into what Countrey that he was.
Where he was born, and what degree,
Or in what land that he would be:
The yeoman sped him to the town,
And syne he caus'd lay the pokes down:
Call'd the good-wife in privitie,
The good-man pray'd you tenderlie,
To see that there be ready dight
A royal supper for the knight.
His court is but in quietie,
A gentle-man he seems to be:
The good-wife sayes, it should be done,
Go speed you to the kitchen soon.
Of cookrie she was wonder slee,
And marked all as it should be.

Good

Good beef and mutton to be brod,
Dight spits, and then laid the Rosts to.
Both of wild fowles, and als of tame,
Of each good thing they wanted nane,
The Burgess said, I have sons fair,
Two are great Clarkes and great of lare,
The eldest is a young merchand,
He is right fair and well farrand,
They bade the hall soon should be dight,
And a fair fire was burning bright,
And then belyve they set up light,
To keep the coming of the Knight.
As they were entered in the town,
The burgess said in fair fashioun,
It shal not turn you to your skaith,
I have an Inne may serve us baith.
Will ye vouchsafe to pass with me,
To take such a simple harberie.
We shal not twin, sir, all this night.
Greatumlie thanked him the knight.
The fairest inne in all the town,
Before the yate they lighted down.
Two yeomen came out of the hall,
When that they heard the Burgess call,
Each one of them hath tane a steed,
A boy syne to the hakney yeed:
Then to the Burgess could he say,
Good sir, while it be near the day,
Ye must these steeds both look and see,
And for to govern them and me.
The burgess said, it shal be done,
And bade they should be stabled soon.
Dight ye them well while it be day,
And bed them soft, where they do lay.
Feed them right well with hay and corn,
Wake them good chear until the morn,
And ye shal have none other meeds,
But I shal quite you all your deeds.
The Clerks they came and bare in light,
Past to the hall before the Knight,

Took off his gear, and laid it by,
The eldest brother yeed on hy,
And brought in soon a stowp of wine,
With baken meat, and spices fine.
While that the supper it was dight,
The spice and wine then drank the knight:
For he had been in travel long.
Then fell a talking them among,
Then at the burgess could he speer,
Whom off have ye your holding here,
Whether of Earl, Lord, or Baroun?
Or Bishop, or of King with Crown.
He is an Earl that ought this town,
And holds it in possession.
The Knight he said, where wins his hold?
The burgess said, as I have told,
Betwixt the forrest and the sea,
In Galias that great Countrie.
When he heard tell of Galias,
Then thought he on of Lilias,
That was ay worthy ware and wise,
And joyned full of great gentrice.
Be that the supper then was dight,
Boords covered and set on light:
Then the good-wife made the good chear,
And said, ye are all welcome here.
I pray you take it as your own,
For of your quantance I am fain.
When they had eaten, they drew the cleas,
The clarks they stood, and said the grace:
Then brought they water to the Knight,
While it was bed time of the night:
They carped and drank of the wine,
They bade him to a chamber syne.
Then said the knight to the burgess,
I pray you sir, of your gentrice,
That ye will rise before the day,
And put me forward in the way.
If ever ye come where that I dwel,
I shal quite you of your travel.
The burgess said, so mot I thrive,

Although your charge were greater five:
I should be furthered in that I might.
Greatumlie thanked him the knight:
He bade the yeoman he should not sleep,
For they had two steeds for to keep:
But to wake him before the day,
And put him forward in the way:
And laid the shield upon the soar,
And then he rade the knight before:
Himself lap on upon his own,
The worst of them might well have gaind
For King, or Bishop, or Baron:
For they were steeds of great renown:
The Burgeis rade on his Hakney,
And rade before to guide the way.
Thus rade they but two miles or three,
Before it was day-light to see,
And when the light of day was plain,
The burgeis said, I will again:
Now may ye ride where ever ye will,
I pray God keep you from all ill.
The knight he said, Farewel, adew,
Trust ye right well, I shal be trew.
Sir Grahame when he saw the West-land,
And great mountains on his right hand,
Both Daes and Raes, down and red,
And Harts ay casting up their head.
Buckes that brayes, and Harts that hailes,
And hindes running into the fields,
And he saw neither rich nor poor,
But mos and ling, and bare wild moor:
So it was then four dayes and mare,
Ere he could win to sir Eger,
Who lived into great distress,
Byding at home in longsomness.
Then came he home within the night,
And no man got of him a sight,
Nor young nor old into that place,
While that he came to the Palace:
He past into the chamber than,
Sir Eger was right wonder fain,

For

For nothing was into that time,
Could be more welcom then sir Grahame.
Pallias then with little din,
He privily took the steers in,
Ere any day was dawning light.
Then said sir Grahame unto the knight,
Now arm you soon in right effeir,
And he put on sir Grahame his gear.
Sir Grahame into the bed down lay,
Then to Pallias could he say,
Into the hall go ye right swyth,
And see if that the Earl be blyth.
Then he is at his bidding gane,
He went full soon, and came again,
And said the Earl was gone to meat
With Lords and Ladies that are sweet.
The Earl served us of his bread.
Sir Grahame sayes, Now it is my reid,
That ye shal pass into the hall,
And show to them thir tokens all.
And though that fair young Lady
Would come and kiss you courteously,
Keep no kindness to her now,
And love her as she loveth you.
The knight he went, and would not cease,
Laid down the jewels on the dais,
Haliit the Earl and the Countess,
And Barouns that full worthy was,
And Ladies quyet as any fame:
Then courteously rose fair Winliane,
But he did hold his head on hight,
She kneel'd and would have kist the knight.
She laid her hands about his hals.
He said, Lady, will I be false?
For I may no Ladies mouth kiss,
Until I come where my Lady is.
I am but a simple Batcheler,
And may not be to you a peer.
He may then choose and let all go,
To win a friend, and tine a foe.

I will

I will not say all that I think,
As ye have brewd, so shal ye drink:
And then she would no longer pine,
And to the chamber to sir Grahame.
But she said, My Lord sir Eger,
Is none in world to me so dear:
At ...e he is grieved greatly,
And I wot not wherefore nor why:
He was never christned with salt,
That could on me set any fault,
In open nor in privitie,
But that I tarryed cruellie,
And that was not in grief nor spite,
But lawfully I may that quite,
Whither he would in Church or Queer.
The Lady wept and made ill chear,
Sir Grahame he said, Let be Madame,
For he tels in his coming hame,
That he hath spyed a Ladie gent,
A brighter Bride with browes brent,
That is as great of kin and blood,
And als for riches by the Rood.
She is of Lordship and of land,
For ought that I can understand;
She is the best for his behove,
He sets but lightly of your love:
Your foolish words have made him turn,
I think no marvel that ye mourn:
And either come in reverence,
Before the Court in his presence,
While he forgive you heartfully,
Or else leave off and let him be.
And take him as your fellon fo,
Syne love another, and let him go.
Sir Eger came into that time,
And found the Lady with sir Grahame:
And he said forth right hastily,
The words that grievd him greatumlie,
The swiftest hound that ever was made,
May run so far into a stade,

Will suffer ere he come to lack,
A simple hound the game to take:
I say this now by you sir Grahame,
Ye were full wise to wait your time:
And I have for the Ladies love,
Suffered the shame and great reprove
And been in journeyes her to please,
And ye have bidden at home in ease,
Will brook her now, and her Ladies two,
Wherefore mine heart is wonder wo:
And when your marriage is made,
Then would ye go into that stade:
I pray you for your courtesie,
That ye would ride in townes with me,
A Lady shal I show you than,
Is gaining for a greater man.
The Lady wared wo and pale,
When that she he heard him tell that tale:
And that perceived wonder well
Pallias and her Damosel:
They took the Lady, led her away.
Sir Grahame, to sir Eger could say,
Sir, let ye be your light language,
Yon Lady is of hie barnage,
And great of kin and heritage,
And all mastrie of her linage,
And lowlie she makes you to treat,
And ye bear you again too great.
Yet do I counsel you to bow,
And love the Lady that loveth you.
The knight lay still, and spake no more,
The Lady sigh'd and sownded sore,
Into the bower upon her bed.
Pallias then he him forth sped,
And said to him, Yon Lady clear,
Is like to buy your love full dear:
She is in sown ay sen she went,
Ye have great sin if she be spent:
Go comfort her for Christ his sake,
And mean that ye should be her maik.
Sir Grahame he said, not all this night

P
T...
Fron.
And in
He bown...
With twen...
And caught a kid ...
He sought the Forrest far
Brake at an hart and slew a ...
And a great hart with many tyne.
A dae, a buck, and so an hynd.
But good sir Grahame at home cou...
Past to the Lady the samine tyde:
He said, Right many works, Madame,
Do serve good thanks, and yet gets nane,
And so I do both late and air,
Betwixt you now and sir Eger:
The streen he said, that he would ride,
And I have treated him to bide.
But neither can I tell how long,
Nor yet how soon that he will gang.
And either buy his love this day,
Or else let him alone for ay.
Go warn the Ladies white as lake,
To make some work now for your sake.
And als ye charge them off the town,
That they meet in procession,
And fairlie and in good fashion,
Then meet him at his lighting down,
And I shal come and stand you by,
Give him my counsel tenderly:

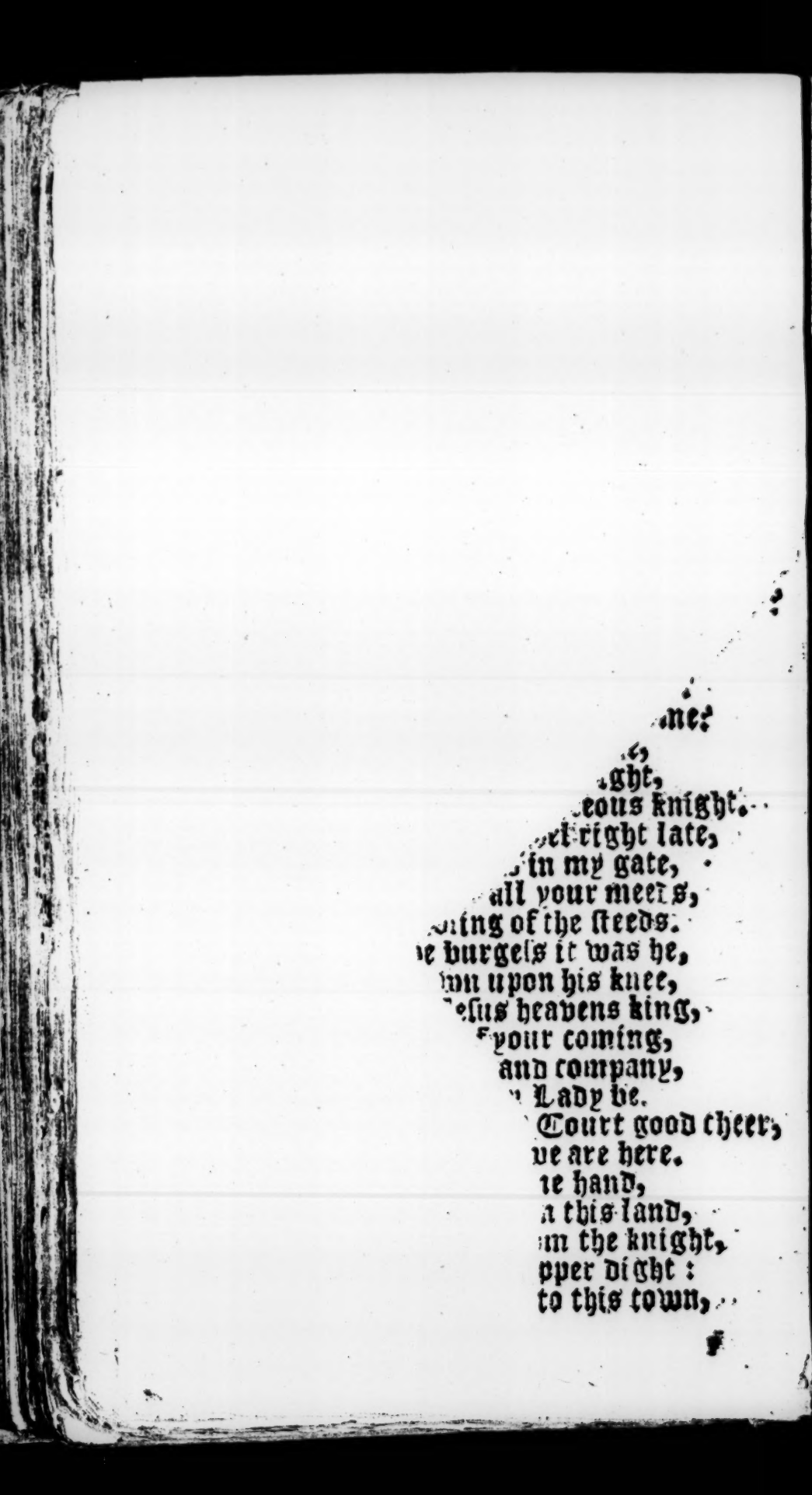
And

...t :
...ght,

...ll,
... renown.
...el air or late,
...ely, not as a blate :
...l now no longer sin.
...l he called on sir Grahame,
...er Barons great of might,
...s on your way all with the knight,
And maidens with the Lady bright.
Be it was twelve hours of the night,
They married them in rich array :
And for twelve dayes they made a cry,
They cryed a Banket for to stand,
With the great gentles of the land.
All would come to that Seneyorie,
And Knights to honour that Lady,
And all that liked far and near,
To eat and drink and make good chear,
To comfort them and make them glad,
Minstrels they playd as they them bade.
Soon after that upon a day,
Sir Grahame could to sir Eger say,
I thought I had a little thing,
To purpose if I might it bring.
We shal be fellowes as for ay,

Sir

S
M.
My l
We th.
While I
Sir, then h.
Ye put your le.
Send ye sir Pala.
Ye love him better .
he shal have gold eno.
And men of armes him .
He is an hardy man and w
Sir Eger said, he is tos lig
And loves too well to sit a
That mans travel is eith
But if ye would that I
Go treat sir Grahame f
If he will pass into th
And take my charge u
And she would bide
But sent a Squyer
My Lord hath made
To pass again unto
In the countrey he l
But though a man l



A pretty Court, and lighted down:
Of them there is but knights two,
And fiftie Squyers, and no mo,
A little Boy upon a steed:
But in no Countrey that I ride,
Saw I never in land or sea,
A more cleanlier companie:
In all Gallias is not such ten,
As they be fiftie Gentle-men.
The knight that is their master-man,
In all the haste I may or can,
Bade me that I should come to you,
And tell that ye might right well trow,
That this is he the samine knight,
That rode home by the day was light,
When that I stabled the steeds tway,
And then I guided him the way:
He sayes, that he will be your Guest,
When he hath put his court to rest.
She said, speed thee with all thy meed,
To comfort them and make them glad,
And chamber them as they should be.
They brought the knight on privilie,
Where he met with the Lady clear:
He said, My soveraign, and my dear,
How fare ye sen I went you fro?
Well sir, she said, have ye done so?
And your two maidens myld as mood?
They becked low, and by him stood,
And if I live a year to end,
To your marriage I shal you mend,
And fourty pounds shal be the least,
For your good will and your request.
They covered boords all of new,
Brought spiced meats of noble hew,
All dainties into dishes dight,
To the Lady and to the knight.
Thus sate the Lady and the knight
While that ten hours was of the night,
Sitting at their collation,

Then

Then to a chamber are they bown,
Where as she made the knight to ly,
Her self went in a chamber by:
And on the morn at service time,
The burgels came to see sir Grahame.
Said, Graith you sir and make you bown
To go to service in the town.
The Earl is come unto service,
And all his houshold more and less,
The Countess that is much of might,
And fair Lillias the Lady bright.
Sir Grahame met him upon the street,
And fiftie Squyers upon their feet,
Kneeling right low upon their knee,
Which was a seemly sight to see:
Hailsed the Countess then the clear,
And other Ladies fair of feir:
So did sir Hew the gentle knight,
The Countess and her maidens bright.
The Ladies that were white as lake,
Kissed the Squyers all for his sake.
The Earl called upon a knight,
Bade see the dinner should be dight,
For all his Court and company,
For I will bring them all with me.
Then after service went to meat,
And as soon as the Earl was set,
And the Countess that is much of might,
Then sate Lillias the Lady bright;
I wot they marshal'd her full right,
Right with sir Grahame that noble knight.
Sir Hew upon the other side,
With him a Lady of much pride;
Thus they were altogether set,
Even at the board to eat their meat.
The Earl was served in his state,
With cup and piece of golden plate,
And all was silver, dish, and spoon:
The Emperor or Pope of Rome,
Might have rung in such royalte.

This same day in their mangerie.
Then twentie dayes the knight caus'd cry,
Into that land that he should ly,
If any would in peace or weer,
To come in plain and prove his gear,
They should find him there ready bown,
And fiftie Squyers in the town:
Or yet a knight to bear a tale,
To just if any would assail.
¶ Then wrote sir Grahame to sir Eger,
The burgels him the letter bare.
he bade him he would pass the Fell,
And in no countrey he should dwel,
Nor rest him in no kind of Realm,
While he came in the Land of Bealm.
Fra sir Eger heard of sir Grahame,
Was like a Lord in such a fine,
Soon in haste he caus'd be dight,
An hundred men in armes full bright:
And of them there was but knights two,
And landed men many of tho.
There was no yeomen men but ten,
For all the rest were landed men.
The burgels then that was their guide,
For all the haste that he could ride,
It was late ere he lighted down,
On the first night in his own town.
Rested them well, while on the morn,
And fed their horse with bread and corn,
And then upon another day,
Dyned ere they would pass away:
Through the Ryot then that they made,
And the long time that they there bade,
That night they wan to the Garrace,
And harber'd in another place,
Right late upon the water down,
Twelve miles is by west the town.
The burgels he had an Inne there,
And made them all right well to fare:
And by ten hours was of the day,

To Carrate town upon a way,
Sir Grahame was bowning to a play,
And all his men in good array:
With helm and shield, and spear in hand,
Upon a gentle steed steerand,
And fiftie Squyers bold and wight.
Then said the burgess to the knight,
Yon are men, sir of your Countrie,
Riding adventures for to see,
They govern them in good manner,
And have done ay sen they came here,
Sir Eger came into such fear,
And was so glittring in his gear,
Came never none such in that Realm,
As was the gentle-men of Bealm.
And fra sir Eger got a sight,
Of Lilias the Lady bright,
He lighted down and left his steed,
And to her on his feet he yeed,
And hailsed her right reverentlie,
And he knew not the Earl was by,
And that perceived well sir Grahame.
To sir Eger he past that time,
While I be quick, or yet be dead,
Either for friendship or for feud,
Our companie shal be as true,
As first when we began of new.
Then sent he forth on every hand,
His messengers to warn the land,
That all should semble far and near,
Bishops, Abbots, both Munk and Frier.
There was then at his lighting down,
Four hundred in processsion,
That were men of Religion,
Singing for him devotion.
¶ When he was dead and laid in grave,
Sir Eger lov'd him by the lave,
And said, In faith so God me save,
I am too ill to be your knave,
And that was for thy doughtie deed,

For

For when I was into most need,
With that great campion Gray-steel,
Both sore vanquisht and wounded ill,
He armed me then with such gear,
And caus'd me gang in fained fear,
To take my leave into the hall,
Then past I forth before them all,
And when he bade me keep mine hand,
I had rather then all your Land,
He might had fortune to long age,
For he was still and full outrage:
Your words they grieved me so sare,
They brought me in sorrow and care.
Behoved me for to ly down,
But he was bold and readie bown.
He past stoutly on aventour,
And wan me worship and honour,
And slew Gray-steel for all his might.
Syn privily upon a night
He brought me home both helm and hand,
Which wan me you, and all your land,
Wherefore it shal example be,
To all that shal come after me.
Both poor and rich, I let you wit,
That I all company shal quite,
It shal go with him to the erd,
That he hath won with knife and sword,
The honour he shal never tine,
He was so good in governing,
I make it known to good and ill,
It was sir Grahame that slew Gray-steel.
Then said Winliane the Lady this,
Then he shal have away the prise,
The worship it is with him gane,
Now may I live in lasting pain:
I should never have made you band,
Ye should never have had mine hand,
And ye should never have been mine,
Had I kend it had been sir Grahame.
Thus she was so set all to ill,

As

As wanton women that gets their will:
Amongst thousands there is not one
Can govern them but wit of none.
Into her hands she took a book,
And to Gods mercie she her took,
And left the fair Lordship of Bealm,
And thought to live upon her Seam.

¶ Now sir Eger thought upon a time,
Upon himself and on sir Grahame:
He bowned him with shield and spear,
On God his foes to fight in wear,
To Rome he went the ready gate,
And was assailyed by the Pape,
Then to the Rhodes he took his way,
And there was Captain years tway.
He discomfeit a set battell,
Thirty thousand were told by tale,
For twentie thousand died there.
A better man then sir Eger,
Was not counted that day to live,
So good in fight by other five.
Then he discomfeit in years tway,
By that Winliane was laid in clay.
He took his leave, and passed hame,
Lilias had husband tane,
And they at so good concord,
Of her lands she made him Lord:
And he made her Lady of his,
A Bishop made a band of bliss,
And wedded them both with a Ring:
I pray to Jesus Heavens King;
To grant them grace and good to spend,
And love aye whyle their latter end.

FINIS.